what is love? (oh, how simple)

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what is love? (oh, how simple)

by lenardo_09

Summary

The definition of “love,” as explained by Jamie.

Notes

just a short little thing i pulled together at like 4am. i wanna write more, but i’ve been so busy. ahhh!!!

i do plan on writing more. i’ve got something in the works! i promise!! for now, i hope you enjoy!

not at all proof read by the way so if it has a lot of typos, i’m so sorry

See the end of the work for more notes

What is love?

Love is… waking up in the morning and finding the scent of freshly brewed coffee wafting through the air.

Jamie rises from bed, stretching arms over his head, hair flowing freely behind him, and attempting (and failing) to stifle a yawn. He's shirtless, wearing only baggy shorts borrowed from his boyfriend, and he makes a beeline for the kitchen where coffee and a morning kiss awaits him.

He takes his first sip of coffee — and it has the right amount of sugar, his favorite creamer, and a little honey mixed lovingly in. He smiles, arm coming up to slip around Luke's waist, and he presses a kiss to cheek. It gets him a smile and a light chuckle, and it only serves to give him more energy to tackle the day with.

Love is not just a cup of coffee, but everything mixed into it, remembering how many spoons of sugar he wanted, what creamer he liked, and the sweetness of honey to top it all off.

He gives Luke another kiss and moves to sit on the couch, watching whatever cartoon Luke had on as background noise, as he listens to the other move around in the kitchen.

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Love is… noticing when something is *off*.

Normally, Luke tackles the day with a grin and some weird optimism that seems endless. But today at the gym, he seemed quiet and slow, opting instead for verbal instruction over his more hands-on approach.

Jamie watches from above, sipping on an energy drink Luke had bought for him. He'd eaten breakfast this morning — though he only had a bagel, and he skipped on his coffee, too. It

didn't seem like Luke was *sick.* He just seemed… tired. He has to suppress a sigh, because go figure Luke wouldn't *fucking sit down* for two seconds when he was exhausted.

He'd been working overtime lately. One of their other coaches was sick, so Luke was picking up the slack. Extra days and hours meant Luke was running on fumes when he got home, and on his now rare days off, he was noticeably less energized and less excitable. No amount of coffee or energy drinks would fix that. A little food would help, though.

He leaps down from where he was observing, catching the coach's attention. He bumps hips with the other, suggesting Luke take his lunch break and grab a bite to eat with him.

He shut down the rejection before it even left Luke's tongue. "You can't work if you're passed out, idiot." It was hard to convince Luke to do things, stubborn as he was, but the man agreed, which really told Jamie just how tired he was.

Luke told his trainees to keep doing basic drills until he got back, and they were off to get something that actually had nutrients rather than the shitty food Luke had been surviving off of before Jamie came around.

And even though Luke was denying he was tired and hungry, he still ate, and he seemed a little more alive after his lunch and the half hour he got to sit down for.

Jamie mentioned maybe dropping the extra hours and getting some much-needed rest, and Luke, of course, denied it, saying he promised to pick up whatever slack was left behind because of his coworker's illness.

They went back and forth, because of course they did; they always do. But Luke eventually relented, saying he'd talk about it, see if he could get at least lose some of those hours, because they were getting a little ridiculous.

For now, it satisfied Jamie. Small victories, sure, but victories nonetheless.

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Love is… trying to make good first impressions for the family.

Yun and Yang were his bros. He cared a lot about them, looked up to them, and how could he not? They were incredible, kind, and, above all else, *really* cool.

Luke had said before he was nervous about meeting *any* part of Jamie's family, biological or otherwise. He'd said something along the lines of being "boring" or too "odd." Jamie didn't remember — he just remembers lovingly admonishing Luke for thinking that way. Luke was good. He was sweet and strong. How could *anyone* like him leave a bad first impression?

Unsurprisingly, it wasn't Luke that left the first bad impression: it was Yun.

It wasn't intentional — at least that's what Jamie *assumed,* after all. People don't usually intend to nail their bro's boyfriend in the head with a skateboard. Normally, at least. Yun wasn't exactly *normal,* but, surely, it was unintended.

He'd been performing a trick, trying to impress *whoever,* but he'd slipped and the skateboard, without a rider, just decided its destination would be the side of Luke's head.

It was hard to rattle Luke, and Yun, fortunately, didn't succeed. He brushed it off with a laugh as Jamie held an ice pack against his bruising temple, though that didn't mean Yun was safe from Yang.

After getting yelled at by him (and, eventually, Jamie as well), Yun and Luke started talking, chatting, and managed to hit it off despite the rocky start. It didn't really surprise Jamie, seeing as Luke really was just that easy to get along with. Rocky starts with him never meant the relationship wasn't salvageable.

Eventually, Yun and Yang had to leave, but Yun parted with telling Luke to "watch after their reckless little bro," which earned him an earful, as he and Yang walked off, Jamie yelling

after them in red-faced irritation, Luke settled beside him with a shaky, embarrassed smile of his own.

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Love is… acceptance.

Luke really liked ugly shirts. Jamie didn't understand his obsession with them, but it wasn't like Luke looked *bad* in the shirts. In fact, he rarely looked bad in anything. Or… at least that's how he felt.

From his floral print shirts with gaudy colors to his patterned shirts with mushrooms and cats, Luke had a wardrobe of ridiculous shirts and usually wore them out whenever they were hanging with Ed (and Rashid, if the man was in town).

Rashid *was* in town, and so he extended an invitation for everyone to join him out for drinks, which everyone accepted. (Ed accepted thirty minutes later with a simple "K.")

Luke was holding two shirts up, alternating between the two and asking Jamie which one he thought looked better. Jamie didn't know which one looked worse: the gaudy purple one with Darkstalkers sprites all over (at least it was Hsien-Ko and not Felicia) or the blue one with a bunch of yellow stars all over it. It's like he didn't even realize three other people were going to be seen with him in public.

But Luke looked at him with those bright blue eyes, oblivious to how Jamie felt about his ugly shirts, and Jamie — Jamie isn't a cruel man, and he can't be cruel now. He picks the blue one, because it "matched Luke's vibe," and the man seemed to agree, nodding to himself quietly.

However, he wasn't expecting Luke to hold out the other shirt for Jamie, and he wasn't expecting himself to cave so quickly and take it from Luke's extended hand.

The smile he got was worth it. The appalled looks from Rashid and Ed almost made it not worth it.

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Love is… a lot of things.

If someone asked Jamie to describe love, he wouldn't be able to. Loving Luke is like loving the sun: he needed it as much as he needed the important stuff, like oxygen and trees and water. The sun is a bright and powerful source of light, of joy: it nurtures without meaning to.

The difference between Luke and the sun is that he can hold Luke's face between his hands, and he can kiss Luke on the tip of his nose, and he can say "I love you" to Luke and hear it back.

He gets his special coffee every morning, and he gets to watch Luke fight and train his recruits, and he can hear Luke's terrible puns, and stare at his awful shirts, and he can watch Luke cry and laugh and yell in frustration. He can see all of these beautiful sides of Luke, and he can see all of the ugly ones.

Being loved by Luke is like being loved by the sun. It's warm and gentle. But Luke is loud and unapologetic, and he wears his heart on his sleeves, and he would scream his love to the world if he could get loud enough. He'd move mountains and carve rivers and he'd put himself into the sky if it meant he could, shine down that brilliance to make everyone happy.

And Jamie — well, Jamie loves in his own ways.

He finds himself comfortably behind Luke in bed, arm thrown around his waist and nose buried in the nape of his neck. The blond is fast asleep, oblivious to the world around them. The curtains are drawn, courtesy of Jamie, so no sun bothers him awake. The clock at his bedside is off, so he won't be woken by its obnoxious sounds. Jamie is still as a statue, unmoving so he won't wake Luke himself.

He sighs, soft, ghosting over Luke's neck, but it doesn't disturb him. He presses lips to warm skin, but he remains asleep. He wonders if his dreams are as sweet as he is.

Sometimes, love is simple. And sometimes, love is so complex, it leaves Jamie stumped. Love is the shape of Luke and the sound of him and the smile that never seems to leave Jamie's mind.

He huffs. God, he's got it bad.

As retaliation, he pinches Luke's side, which wakes him up finally, and he receives a groan and whine.

Love is… everything.

End Notes

OH NO STREET FIGHTER?? WOKE!? AUGH

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